

# VALENTINO GETS 'GREATEST THRILL' ROAMING LONDON WITH NATACHA

## Awed on Learning Royal Guests Once Occupied His Suite

Rudolph Valentino dreamed of a long, long life!

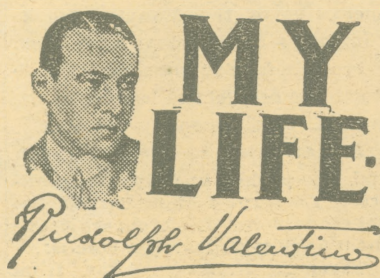
"This intimate diary of my own life I am now writing," he says in today's installment of his own story, "is laden with the honey of remembrance.

"Years later, when I have grown a long beard and hobbled about on a gnarled cane, I shall be able to lift the lid and ghosts will come out and live for me again."

"The Great Lover" exults that he still retains the questing spirit of a child. "My first walk about London with Natacha marked the greatest thrill of my life," he says.

"The Sheikh" and Natacha occupied a suite in which kings and rulers had slept. He overlooks not a single detail of his intimate life. Read it. His innermost thoughts and all written at the times as he himself reveals he was soul inspired.

Go on with Rudy's own story—he takes you into his very heart, and with him you feel his joys, his thrills, his triumphs, his loves.



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I told Natacha that I wanted to walk on my first incursion into London streets. I felt, somehow, that it would make London more mine, more a matter of my own intimate discovery, if I walked rather than get into a car and be taken somewhere, mechanically.

The London streets would be, each one, an adventure to me. I would make my own thrills as I walked down them. And I would be able to "feel" a part of the city as I would in no other way.

Natacha and I walked almost in silence.

### Sought "Feel" of City

I finally decided that we wouldn't do any deliberate "sight-seeing" this first afternoon. I don't know, as I muse over it, that I entirely believe in sightseeing, anyway.

It seems to me that just to wander about a certain part of the country, soaking in the atmosphere, absorbing the color, the memories, half-consciously, half-subconsciously, getting the feel of the place under your skin, into your blood and veins is a far better way of knowing a city or a country than going about studiously striving to assimilate facts, dates, names.

I felt today, as Natacha and I walked here and there, at random, at will, that London was MY London, in a sense. That I was speaking to her in my own way and she was speaking to me.

We understood each other—London and I.

We dined together quietly at the



King Albert



Queen Elizabeth

Carlton, Natacha and I. I wanted to be alone this first evening.

### Invited to Dinner

Just as I was writing the above paragraph into my diary, Mr. Benjamin Guinness of the Guinness' Stout people, phoned us and invited us to dine with him at Ascot the following night. We accepted

with triple pleasure. We went to see Mr. Guinness.

We will, in the course of the drive down, see some of the English countryside which I have always longed to see, and we will arrive at Ascot.

As tired as I am, I almost feel as though I will not sleep tonight. It seems to me as if the voices of London are constantly whispering to me, beckoning to me, urging me to be up and about.

Natacha says that no child would act so excitedly as I do about visiting a strange place.

Perhaps that is so, but I think if we lose the questing child spirit, the child belief that just around each corner something new, enthralling and delightful is awaiting us, we lose more than half of the joy of living.

### Thrilled by New Contacts

I should never want to be so indifferent. I should never want to lose the thrill of new contacts, new places. If I had found myself inert to London, I should have been bitterly disappointed in myself. I hoped that there would be in me some strong echo of the powerful poetry of London—and there is.

I can feel the mighty vibrations now.

And if it were not for the fact that Italy is my true goal, this time, my birthplace, the home of my fathers, if Natacha did not yearn for Paris for the reasons every woman knows (or can imagine) I think I should like to lin-



Marshal Foch



J. J. Pershing

ger on in London the summer through.

Just a brief line or two before we go to bed.

Natacha tells me that I shall be more exhausted recording what I do and see than I will be in doing it and in seeing the people and places themselves.

### Valued Personal Record

But I wish to make this personal record—exhaustion or otherwise. Things slip away from me. A rapid succession of thrills and events erase one another—I don't want to forget a single sensation or set of sensations that came to me on this trip.

I may make, doubtless shall make, many other trips before I go for good on the last and longest trip of all, but never again will I feel as I feel on this first one.

It is like the peace after storm. It is fun after stern fact. It is rest after worry.

It is a precious interlude, and it

(Continued on Page 22)

# VALENTINO

speaks to you in "Day Dreams"

The great Lover, Valentino, pours out his innermost thoughts, bares his heart, uncovers his soul to you. You who today mourn for him who is gone forever may now know Valentino as few have ever known him before. You who have seen him on the silver sheet—read of him—perhaps saw him and grasped his hand, may now live with him in his loves, his hates, his sorrows, his joys, his thrills, his triumphs.

Like other great lovers of history, Valentino could express himself in poetry; in no other way could he give voice to his great experiences—the deep feelings that welled up within him. In his poems he talked to himself of his loves—now he tells them to you.

For years Valentino refused to put down, for other eyes to see, those intimate, personal matters that seemed to him to interest no one but himself. Finally he yielded and he wrote for you his book

## "DAY DREAMS"

Never before had Valentino offered such a volume from his pen—from his heart. Here you will see revealed the great lover as he was—and as he will be always in the hearts of those who love his memory. Read the titles of his poems—you will then know how Valentino thought—how he felt. Surely no time is more fitting and nothing could be more welcome right now than to have a copy of this Souvenir Edition of Rudolph Valentino's Day Dreams.

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### Death

I am a slave  
No longer in my breath,  
Given sight of freedom  
Through the graciousness of death.

Still I am a slave  
In the hands of destiny,  
Thought alone enslaves me  
And thought alone can free.